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STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE!

MAY 1953

No. 13

into



JOURNEY **FEAR**

10c



**CULT of the DEAD
VAMPIRE'S BLOOD
GLOVE of the GHOUL
RUN, CORPSE, RUN!**

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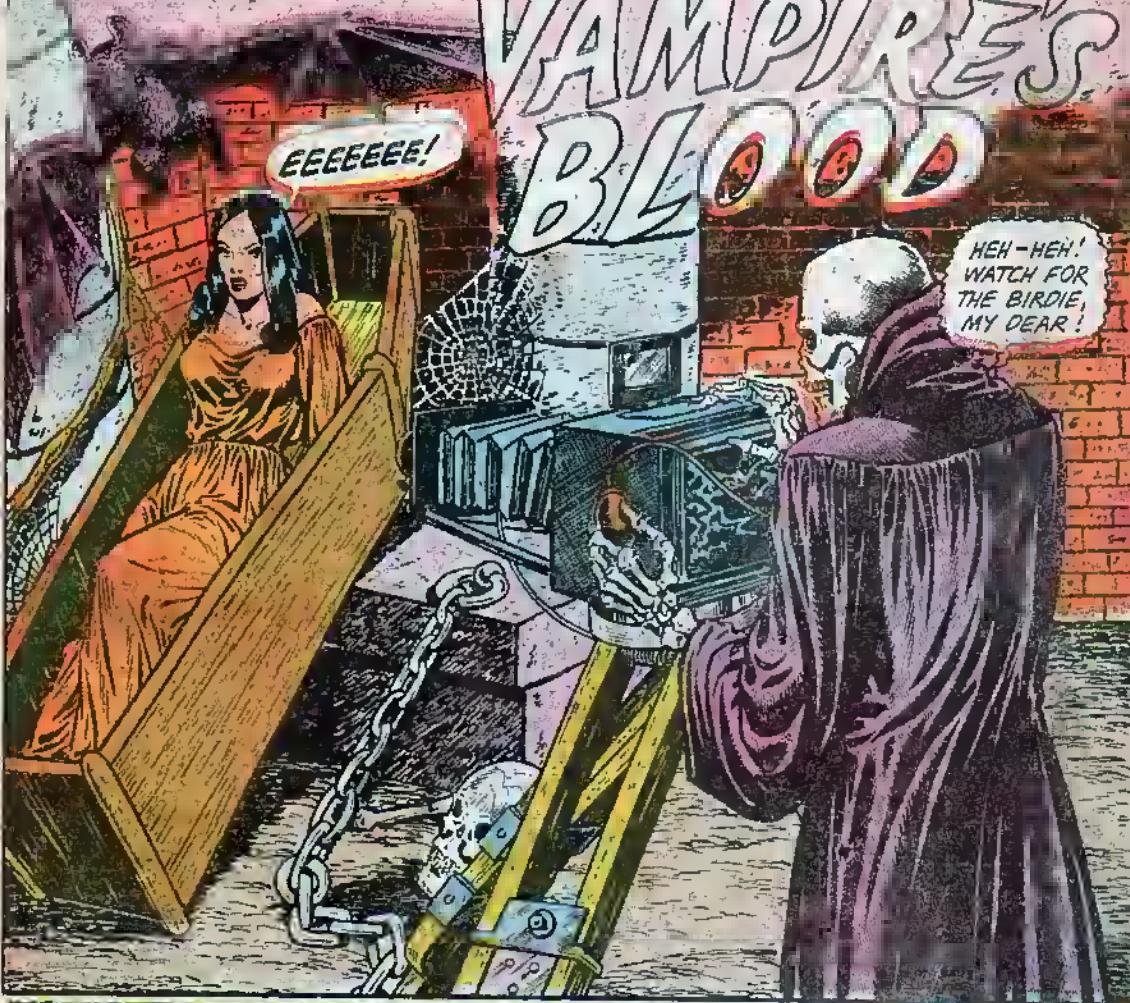
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WHAT HORRIBLE TRUTH LIVED IN THIS OLD AND BATTERED CAMERA? HOW WAS IT THAT, WHILE TERROR FILLED THE NIGHTS AND GRUESOME SHAPES PROWLED THE MURKY STREETS, ONLY THE CAMERA COULD LOOK PAST THE VEIL OF FLESH AND BONE AND SEE THE GHASTLY FORM OF THINGS TO COME? BUT THEN THIS WAS THE SOUL CAMERA...

VAMPIRE'S BLOOD



ON A SMALL HUNGARIAN VILLAGE A VAMPIRE HAS BEEN TERRORIZING THE POPULACE...



AS THE HOUR GROWS LATE...

UUG— I ALWAYS HATE THIS PART OF THE NIGHT! T- THEY SAY THE VAMPIRE HAS BEEN SEEN AROUND THIS GRAVEYARD AT TIMES!



SOMETHING STIRS IN THE SHADOWS...

WHO IS IT? COME ON, SPEAK UP! IS ANYONE BACK THERE?



SQUEEEEEE-EEEEEEEE-



GAAAA-
IT'S THE VAMPIRE IN THE FORM OF A GIANT BAT!

AS IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...

UHMM—SO SLEEPY TONIGHT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET TO BED! IF I CAN REALLY SLEEP— AFTER ALL THIS SILLY BOTHER ABOUT VAMPIRES!

**N-NO! DON'T—
EEEEEEE-**

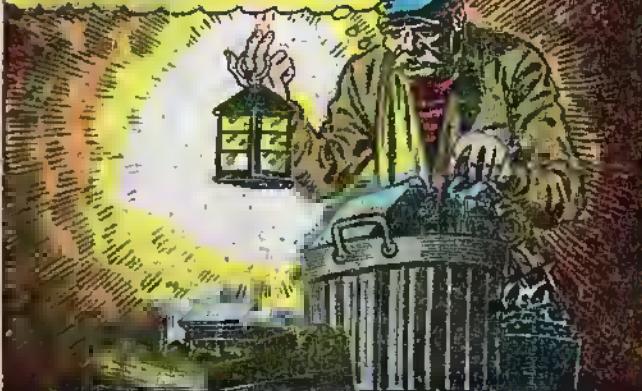
**HAH-HAH—I
WANT YOUR BLOOD,
MY DEAR! I MUST
HAVE BLOOD—
BLOOD!**

**HEH-HEH—SO YOU
DON'T BELIEVE IN
ME, MY DEAR! YOU
WILL SOON LEARN!**



WHILE IN YET ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN,
OLD BELA, THE JUNK MAN IS ABOUT TO CALL
IT A DAY...

A POOR DAY, A VERY POOR
DAY! I'VE HARDLY MADE A PENGÓ! BUT
MAYBE I'LL FIND SOMETHING WORTH
WHILE IN ALL THIS RUBBISH!



LATER... NO SUPPER AGAIN! I suppose
THAT STUPID WIFE OF MINE IS,
OUT GOSSIPING AS USUAL, NEVER WORRYING
ABOUT ME! BUT MEANTIME I CAN REPAIR
THIS OLD CAMERA!



BUT FINALLY HE HEARS A
DOOR CREAK AND...

SO THERE YOU ARE AT LAST,
YOU HUSSY! VERY WELL, NOW
COME AND SEE WHAT
I'VE

FOUND
TONIGHT.

I'M
SORRY,
BELA! I WAS
TALKING WITH THE
NEIGHBORS! THE
VAMPIRE HAS BEEN
SEEN!!!



SO OLD BELA IS LUCKY AFTER
ALL! SOMEONE HAS THROWN
AWAY THIS OLD CAMERA! I'VE
ALWAYS WANTED ONE!



THERE - I'VE
FIXED IT! BUT
STILL NO SIGN OF
MY WIFE! WHERE
CAN SHE BE UNTIL THIS
THE HOURS HOUR? IT'S DANGEROUS
PASS...



SUCH NONSENSE! MAYBE THERE IS A
VAMPIRE, MAYBE NOT! NOW HOLD STILL
WHILE I TAKE YOUR PICTURE! HEH-
HEH - I'LL DEVELOP IT TOMORROW!



HURRY, THEN!
IT'S LATE AND
I'M TIRED!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR

LIKE MOST AMATEURS, BELA IS SOMETHING OF A FANATIC! FIRST THING THE NEXT DAY...

THERE! I'M GETTING IT! MY WIFE'S PICTURE IS COMING OUT ON THE PLATE! HO— JUST WAIT TILL SHE SEES IT!

BUT AS OLD BELA STARES AT THE PICTURE, HIS BLOOD TURNS TO ICE...

THE VAMPIRE! HORRIBLE! BUT IT REALLY IS A PICTURE OF THE VAMPIRE! ONLY HOW DID IT...

MAYBE THE CAMERA DID IT! THAT MUST BE THE EXPLANATION! THE CAMERA SHOWS PEOPLE AS THEY REALLY ARE! IT TAKES A PICTURE OF THEIR SOULS!

DAZED BY HORROR AND SUSPICION, YET BELA KNOWS THAT HE MUST BE SURE! THAT NIGHT...

THERE SHE GOES AGAIN! BUT THIS TIME I'LL FOLLOW—I'VE GOT TO KNOW IF SHE REALLY IS THE VAMPIRE!

SHE'S H-HEADING FOR THE GRAVEYARD! I'M AFRAID THE CAMERA IS RIGHT— MY OWN WIFE IS THE VAMPIRE! TERRIBLE!

IN THE EERIE SHADOWS OF THE GRAVEYARD, BELA SEEKS HIS WORST FEARS COME TRUE...

SO IT IS YOU! YOU, THE VAMPIRE!
BELA! YOU FOLLOWED ME! YOU OLD FOOL!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR



SUDDENLY HELP ARRIVES...



PUT THE VAMPIRE IS RIGHT - BELA
CANNOT BEAR TO TELL OF HIS SHAME...

THE VAMPIRE -

SEE!

IT WAS THE
VAMPIRE RIGHT
ENOUGH, BELA! WE
ALL SAW! BUT
WHO WAS IT?

I-I DON'T KNOW
ALL I SAW WAS
A TERRIBLE
CREATURE!
G-GOOD NIGHT!



AS FOR THIS CAMERA - I'LL
DESTROY IT ALSO! LET ITS
SECRET GO WITH IT! WAIT,
WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER
PLATE IN THE CAMERA!



WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, BELA DEVELOPS THE STRANGE PLATE...

STRANGE! VERY STRANGE! I ONLY MADE ONE PICTURE — THAT OF MY WIFE! STILL THIS NEW PLATE HAS BEEN USED! I — I WONDER!



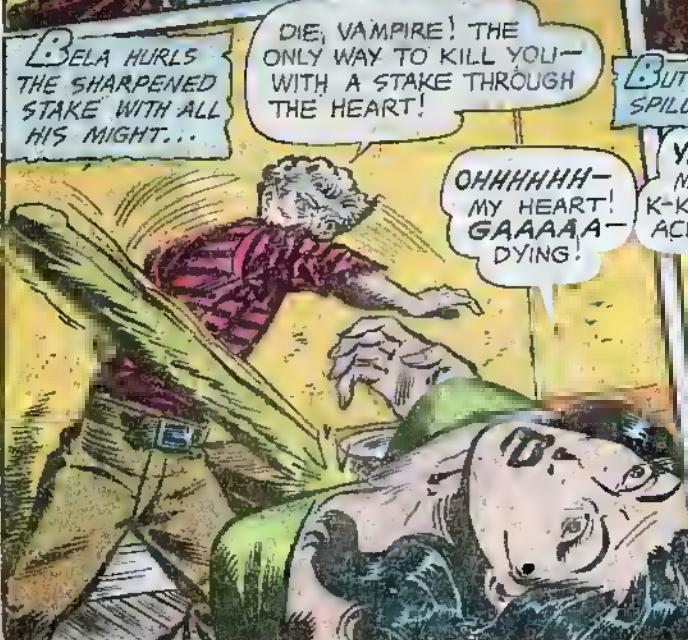
ON A FRENZY OF HATE AND FEAR, BELA DESTROYS THE SOUL CAMERA...

I WON'T BELIEVE IT! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, THERE MUST BE! I'VE NEVER HAD MY PICTURE TAKEN! I'LL BREAK YOU INTO TINY BITS!



BELA HURLS THE SHARPENED STAKE WITH ALL HIS MIGHT...

DIE, VAMPIRE! THE ONLY WAY TO KILL YOU — WITH A STAKE THROUGH THE HEART!



OOHHHHH—
MY HEART!
GAAAAA—
DYING!

BUT BELA, LURCHING, FALLS AND SPILLS THE TRAY OF ACID...

YIIIIIIII—
MY EYES,
MY FACE! EEEEEE—
K-KILLING ME! THE
ACID—AAAHHHHH—



AND SO THE CAMERA KNEW AFTER ALL...

Jho
Emel

AAAAAA — IT'S M-ME! I'M DEAD! B-BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FACE? IT'S ALL — EATEN AWAY!



YOU! YOU VAMPIRE!
I SWORE I'D KILL YOU!

FROM THE DOOR COMES MOCKING LAUGHTER...

I TOOK THE PICTURE, BELA!
WHILE YOU SLEPT! AND I FOUND THE ONE YOU TOOK OF ME! SO NOW WE EACH HAVE OUR SECRET, EH?



WHAT WHITE MAN COULD UNDERSTAND THE DREAD CULT THAT RULED THE JUNGLE BY TERROR? YET, SIR HECTOR MASON, PROUD AND CRUEL HIMSELF, MET ENEMIES WHO WERE AS BLOODY AND UNBENDING AS HE! HE GAMBLED WITH THE ONE THING HE LOVED — AND FOUND THE TALISMAN OF TERROR...

CULT of the DEAD



AS GOVERNOR OF A SMALL TROPICAL ISLE, MR. HECTOR MASON IS INTENT ON STAMPING OUT VOODOO AND THE CULT OF THE ZOMBIES...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

POLICE
AND SIR
HECTOR
FIND
ZOMBIE
RITES IN
PROGRESS...

SO, TOMBI, YOU
DISOBEY ME
AGAIN! YOU
KNOW I
PROMISED
TO PUNISH
YOU!

TOMBI FEARS
ONLY THE
ZOMBIE
GODS!

YOU, FOOL OF A FOREIGNER, DO
YOU THINK YOU HAVE THE
POWER OF TOMBI?
THEN WATCH THAT
DOOR AND SEE!

WHAT SORT
OF HOCUS-
POCUS IS
THIS?

SUDDENLY...

HAH, MASTER, YOU CALLED
AND I HAVE RETURNED FROM
THE GRAVE! I, WHO HAVE
BEEN BURIED A WEEK!

YOU SEE, ENGLISHMAN?
THIS OLD CRONE DIED
MANY DAYS AGO, YET
TOMBI MAKES HER
LIVE AGAIN! HAVE
YOU SUCH POWER?

IT— IT'S
TRUE, SIR!
SHE WAS
DEAD!

THE NEXT
DAY IN PUBLIC...

YOU DARE
HAVE TOMBI
WHIPPED! FOR
THIS YOU WILL
PAY HIGH!

YOU GO TO PRISON
ALSO! YOU WILL
LEARN WHO IS
MASTER
HERE!

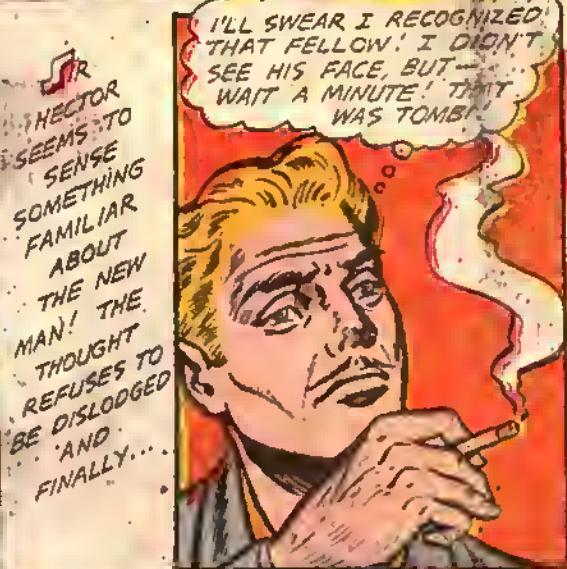
TAKE HIM AWAY!
AND WHEN YOU
ARE RELEASED,
TOMBI, I WILL
HAVE YOU
DEPORTED!

TOMBI WILL
RETURN FOR
HIS REVENGE!
HE WILL NEVER
FORGET!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

A YEAR PASSES AND SIR HECTOR FORGETS THE INCIDENT! BUT IN THE MEANTIME, HE MEETS AND MARRIES A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

SIR HECTOR FRANTICALLY TRIES TO REACH A DOCTOR...

YES, OPERATOR! MY WIFE IS DYING OF POISON! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE BE QUICK, GIRL!

SORRY, SIR!
THERE IS NO ANSWER!

HALFWAY INTO TOWN...

NITA! NITA, DARLING! ARE YOU — NITA!

S-SORRY, D-DARLING!
EVERYTHING IS SO FULL
OF PAIN! I THINK I'M
D-DYING
NOW!



WITH A WRECKED CAR...

H-HONEY! PLEASE — LET ME DIE! LET ME ESCAPE THIS H-HORRIBLE PAIN! OHHH — REMEMBER — I LOVE — YOU!

NITA! OH, MY DARLING! DON'T DIE! PLEASE DON'T DIE! JUST KEEP TRYING, MY DEAREST! I'LL GET YOU INTO TOWN!



AND IN DESPERATION...

NO USE, DARLING! I'LL HAVE TO DRIVE YOU INTO TOWN MYSELF! THOSE FOOL DOCTORS ARE ALL OUT PLAYING GOLF OR SOMETHING! JUST HANG ON, DEAREST!

H-HURRY! THE PAIN IS TERRIBLE!



AS DEATH CLAMPS COLD FINGERS AROUND HIS HEART, SIR HECTOR GOES INTO A WILD SKID...

AAAA — WE'RE GOING TO TURN OVER! HOLD ONTO ME, NITA!

SO S-SICK!



SO AS A YELLOW MOON RISES OVER THE JUNGLE, A WEARY AND BROKEN-HEARTED MAN STUMBLES ALONG A DESOLATE ROAD WITH A DYING WIFE IN HIS ARMS...



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

NITA DIES THAT NIGHT — AND THE MAN, JIMM, OR TOMB, VANISHES WITHOUT A TRACE! ONE NIGHT NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

I'VE GOT TO BE WITH NITA TONIGHT FOR A WHILE! IF ONLY I COULD DIE — COULD BE WITH HER!

I THINK OF YOU ALL THE TIME, DARLING! I MISS YOU SO — OH, NITA — NITA!

FUNNY — THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING IN THE SHADOWS!

THAT WEIRD LAUGHTER! YOU, WHOEVER YOU ARE, WHY DO YOU SPY ON ME?

HA-HA-HA—HEE-HEE!

COME BACK, YOU! I WANT TO SEE YOUR FACE! I THINK I KNOW NOW WHO YOU ARE!

HA-HA! YOU WILL KNOW ME, SIR HECTOR!

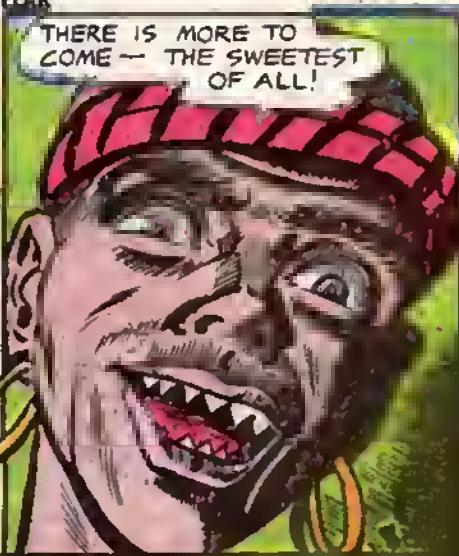
TOMBI! YOU MURDERER, YOU HAVE COME BACK TO GLOAT OVER ME!

BUT WHEN SIR HECTOR REACHES HIS STUDY, HE FINDS TOMB WAITING BOLDLY...

SO — YOU ARE A FOOL AS WELL AS A MURDERER! NOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU IN COLD BLOOD!

I SAID I WOULD RETURN!





HURRY, MAN! SOMEONE
MAY COME ALONG AT
ANY MOMENT! LIFT
HER FROM THE
COFFIN!

HA — TOMBI
SEES IT! IS
NOT A CRIME
WHEN YOU
DO IT!

NOW WE WILL TAKE HER TO
YOUR HOME! SHE MUST LIE
ON THE VERY BED IN
WHICH SHE DIED!

YES—
ONLY
HURRY!

**BACK
IN THE
HOUSE.
TOMBI
BEGINS
THE
STRANGE
RITES
WHICH
RESULTS
IN THE
BIRTH
OF A
NEW
ZOMBIE...**

LISTEN TO TOMBI, OH GODS
OF VOODOO! I SUMMON YOU!
BRING TO THIS CORPSE THE
LIFE OF THE
UNDEAD!

I KISS YOUR COLD LIPS,
NITA! I COMMAND YOU,
WOMAN, TO BE A
ZOMBIE!

OHHH!

THERE! TOMBI HAS
DONE IT AGAIN!
YOUR WIFE, SIR
HECTOR!

NITA! OH, MY
DARLING!
YOU'VE COME
BACK TO ME!

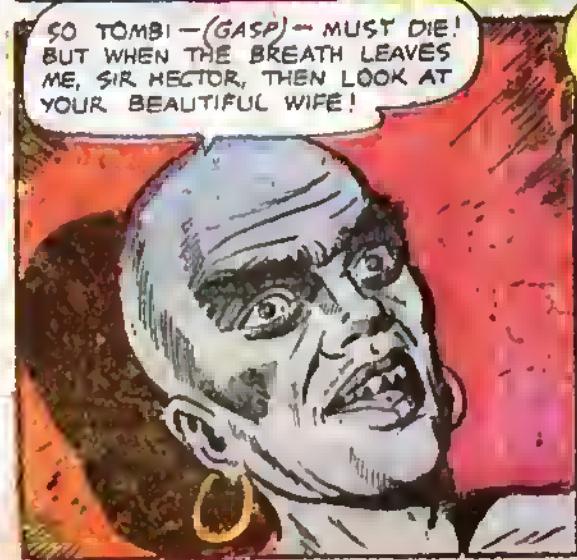
W—WHO
ARE
YOU?

YOU WILL
OBEY ME,
NITA?

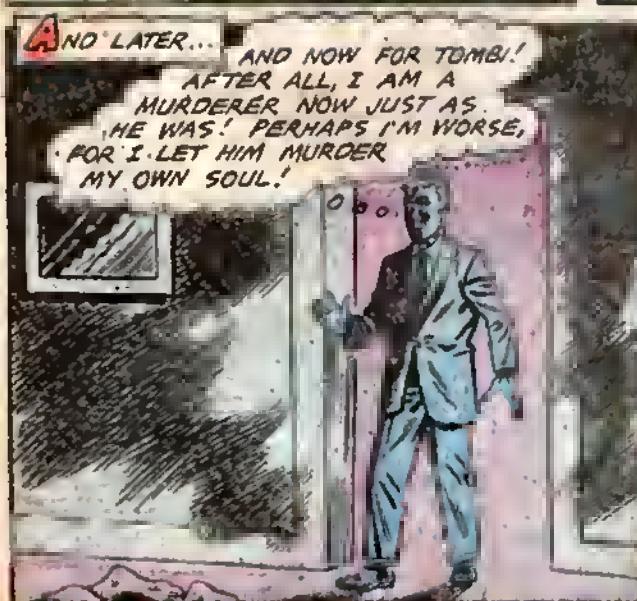
OF COURSE!
I BELONG
TO YOU,
BODY AND—
BUT I HAVE
NO SOUL!

NO! NITA!
I'M YOUR
HUSBAND!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



WINGED REVENGE

HARBUSH watched the insect squirm. It was a beautiful fletterby, Giganticus, and he had caught it with his fine mesh net outside the hut in the Brazilian village of Mantos.

Beyond the window of the hut's single room, the entomologist observed the waters of the Rio Tapajos, last of the great unexplored rivers.

Harbush sighed in satisfaction. The addition of Giganticus to his collection would make his name in entomological circles. Only a few damaged examples were known to exist. This specimen was superb. His hand went out for the cyanide bottle, paused. Harbush gazed round stealthily. There were only natives about, but he didn't want any of them to witness what he did, nor give them a clue for the reason why.

The trouble was he liked to see helpless creatures die slowly. For a moment the man's face was a mask; he knew he himself was helpless in the grip of the compulsion. He was even ashamed of it. For a well-known scientist to harbor such desires . . .

The entomologist shrugged. He caught up a mounting pin, held Giganticus in the grip of his forceps. Science be served, he thought.

Giganticus died without benefit of cyanide. It died slowly.

The entomologist, trembling, put away the cyanide bottle, clamped the board on which the beautiful dead flying machine was mounted to a larger display board. He half-turned from his work-bench, froze suddenly, as someone knocked on the door.

"Come in!" he barked.

The thatch door swung in and two men stood on the threshold.

One, Pepito, his porter, came in quickly. "Well?" Harbush asked.

"You asked for a guide, Senhor!" Pepito said, bowing. "I have brought you one."

"Oh." The scientist glanced up with satisfaction. The other came in, also bowed.

It was Harbush who was surprised. The other's face remained impassive.

"You are not Indian?" Harbush inquired.

"I am Portuguese, Brazilian," the other said, shrugging.

"I never thought to meet any but natives this far down the Tapajos," Harbush mused.

The other smiled. He was short, bulky, dressed like a monk.

"There are some men braver than others, perhaps." He pointed to his priestly garments. "We serve the Indians; we say little to the outside world. On the maps the Rio Tapajos (in this area) is unknown lands, perhaps." Again he shrugged. "To men of courage, it is not unknown."

"You can help me, then?" Harbush asked. He glanced at Pepito. "My porter explained what I wanted?"

"That you are a scientist, that you are on the track of ever greater discoveries in the field of entomology." The man's eyes swerved toward the display board. "Such as Giganticus there."

"You know Giganticus," Harbush said, suddenly. His eyes gleamed feverishly. "You know . . ."

FIIFTY miles down the Tapajos they are as common as fleas on a dog." The other smiled suddenly. "My name is Miranda. Forgive me. Where I minister there are flying insects that would make your prize seem small. Colossus, for instance, another variety of Giganticus."

"Understand, Senhor Miranda," Harbush interrupted, his eyes gleaming with a hard, hot light. "My interest is purely scientific." He paused. "Can you tell me if any news of Colossus has reached beyond your regions?"

Miranda smiled.

"You could answer that better yourself. Have you heard, before, of Colossus?"

Harbush shook his head in the negative.

"And you can lead me to this undiscovered insect?" he asked.

"I was in the vicinity to pick up certain drugs for my charges," Miranda said. "I heard from your porter, Pepito, about your need for a guide. Since I am going back to my village, I shall be happy to guide you there."

Harbush smiled.

"I'll be ready within the hour," he said.

As they prepared to leave, Miranda went up to the display board.

"Curious," he said. "This Giganticus. I have never seen mounted insects in such a life-like condition." He looked up at Harbush, who flushed. "When they are killed with cyanide they never look like this."

"I have special methods," the entomologist said hastily. He strapped on his pack, picked up his gun.

"You are not coming, Pepito?" he asked in surprise.

The native shook his head. His eyes were furtive.

"I have followed you up the Tapajos thus far, Senhor." He paused. "I go no further. I will wait for your return."

Harbush shrugged.

The two men passed out, Harbush towering over his companion. They walked down to the bank of the Rio Tapajos, got into the log canoe Harbush had piloted up from the headwaters of the Amazon.

The canoe moved ahead, left the small, bedraggled jungle village.

The vines closed in over the river, making a dark tunnel through which the canoe moved slowly.

At intervals crocodiles swam across the narrowing stream, their beady eyes fixed hungrily on the boat.

Harbush shuddered. He sat in the rear and rowed, his eyes on Miranda's broad, squat back.

When night came, they dragged the canoe ashore, pitched camp.

"I will stay on guard," Miranda said, picking up the gun. He looked at it carefully. "A good weapon."

Harbush, unaccountably, was suddenly nervous.

"Be careful of it," he said, noticing that Miranda was handling it clumsily.

"I will be careful of everything," Miranda said, smiling curiously.

In the morning they went on.

By nightfall of the following day, Harbush judged they had gone fifty miles.

Suddenly, in the bow of the log boat, Miranda laid aside his oar. He pointed inland.

"There," he said. "There is the village."

Harbush saw nothing. He strained his ears. The silence was profound. Then he heard the humming.

SLOWLY the boat crept into shore. It bumped past vines and rotten logs. Then it stopped. Miranda got out, tied it up to the shore, lopping the rope round a big, jagged rock.

He beckoned to Harbush.

"Come," he said. "We are here. Soon you will see Colossus."

The entomologist, weighed down by the pack containing his collapsible nets, his mounting instruments, came on shore. His eyes glittered with anticipation. Colossus, Miranda had told him, was large. In his mind's eye he saw it wriggling on a mounting pin.

"You are awaiting your discovery with pleasure, eh?" Miranda asked, as they tramped through a leafy screen of trees.

Harbush nodded anxiously. His excitement was difficult to keep under control.

"Where is the village?" he asked impatiently. They would have to stop there, then go into the jungle further.

"A few yards further," Miranda said.

He walked on, stopped suddenly, turned to face Harbush who also stopped.

"We are here," he said. "In the region of Colossus!"

A fletterby, Giganticus, glided by.

"I see Giganticus," Harbush said uneasily. "But not the village, and not . . ."

Miranda threw off his monk's robe with a sudden gesture.

"You can see Colossus, now," he said. "I am Colossus!"

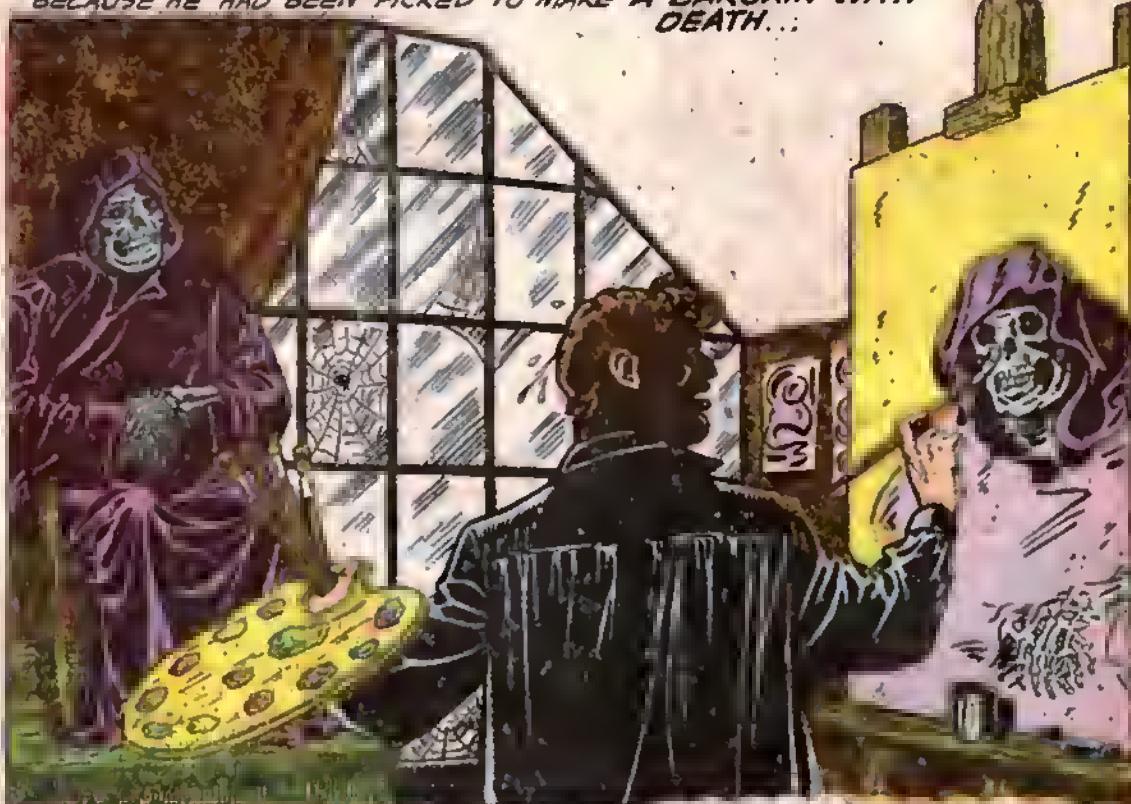
He peeled off a clever mask of painted bark—Harbush, his blood freezing, saw it come off. Then he screamed. Miranda was Colossus; as he had said. There were the wings, unfolding now. The long probosis constricted behind the nose of the mask probed the air sensitively. He kicked off his boots. Harbush saw they were the claws of a flying insect. Miranda was Colossus, indeed—five feet tall, with a twenty-foot wingspread.

"Our village is here," Colossus said. "We live in tree tops. This morning, we heard, through our antennae, the fright of our brother, Giganticus, as you pursued him. I flew to him immediately. On the way I felt his dying agony as you pierced him on your mounting pins, alive." A claw pointed. "See there, on those trees. We too mount our kill . . . !"

Harbush saw. He saw the row of natives, half-decayed, hanging to tree-trunks, hung there to die by the thick, iron-wood sticks thrust through their bodies. He screamed in mortal terror, turned to run—too late. Colossus caught him in one claw. In the other was an iron-wood stake—ready and sharpened.

RUN, CORPSE, RUN!

ALAN DEXTER, TALENTED YOUNG PAINTER, WAS A MAN WITHOUT A FUTURE! NIGHT AFTER EERIE NIGHT HE WOULD WAKE UP SCREAMING, FEELING THE COLD SWEAT CRAWL OVER HIS BODY LIKE THE MAGGOTS THAT WAITED PATIENTLY FOR HIM IN SOME UNKNOWN GRAVE! BECAUSE ALAN WAS GOING TO DIE—AND HE KNEW IT! WHAT HE DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT SOMEWHERE FATE WAS LAUGHING AT HIM, BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN PICKED TO MAKE A BARGAIN WITH DEATH...



"IN A DYING MAN, DESPAIRS OF EVER DOING ANYTHING REALLY GOOD..."

"WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING?"

"I'M TOO SICK! I'LL DIE BEFORE I CAN PAINT A MASTERPIECE!"

"IF ONLY—(COUGH)—I HAD MORE TIME! IT ISN'T FAIR THAT I HAVE TO DIE BEFORE I'VE HAD A CHANCE! I COULD BE FAMOUS—(COUGH)—I KNOW I COULD! IF ONLY THERE WAS SOME WAY!"



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

IN DESPERATION HE TRIES YET ANOTHER DOCTOR...
I'M SORRY, MR. DEXTER, BUT
THE X-RAYS SPEAK FOR THEM-
SELVES! YOUR LUNGS ARE IN
VERY BAD SHAPE INDEED! I
WISH I COULD BE
MORE ENCOURAGING.
BUT...

BUT IT'S HOPELESS!
I KNOW—YOU'RE
THE FIFTH DOCTOR
TO TELL ME
THAT!

SO THAT'S THAT! HE SAID I HAD
A MONTH TO LIVE—if I STOPPED
WORKING, PAINTING! BUT I CAN'T
STOP—I WON'T! I MUST PAINT
SOMETHING GREAT, BEFORE I DIE!

AS THE DAYS SLIP AWAY...

IT'S NO USE! EVERYTHING I
TRY TURNS OUT BADLY, A
MISERABLE BOTCH! AND
EVERY DAY I GET WEAKER AND
WEAKER!

HMM—
SOMEONE AT
THE DOOR!
COME IN!

SOMEONE KNOCKS ONCE—THEN A STRANGE
AND EERIE SILENCE FALLS OVER THE
STUDIO...

WITH A DREADFUL GROWING FEAR...

I K-KNOW SOMEONE
IS THERE! I CAN FEEL
THEM! BUT IT CAN'T BE
WHAT I T-THINK IT
IS! NOT YET! I NEED...

MORE
TIME!

AHHH-YOU'
D-DEATH!

YOU WERE SLOW TO
ANSWER, ALAN DEXTER!
COME, NOW, AND HURRY,
FOR WE HAVE A LONG
WAY TO GO! ARE
YOU READY?

JOURNEY INTO FEAR



IF YOU WOULD JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME! IF ONLY I COULD FINISH ONE MORE PAINTING THAT WOULD BE REMEMBERED, THAT WOULD MAKE ME FAMOUS! I'M SO YOUNG, I'VE HAD SO LITTLE TIME!

ENOUGH OF THIS DELAY! YOU MUST COME!

A SUDDEN INSPIRATION...



HMM— I'LL ADMIT THAT YOUR CRAZY IDEA INTERESTS ME! I'M A BIT FLATTERED, TOO! NOBODY HAS EVER WANTED TO PAINT ME BEFORE— THEY'RE MOSTLY AFRAID OF ME! I WONDER...



THEN YOU'LL DO IT? YOU'LL POSE FOR ME? GOOD! I'LL BEGIN AT ONCE, AND I KNOW THIS WILL MAKE ME FAMOUS!

NOW JUST A MINUTE! I DIDN'T SAY I WOULD DO IT! AFTER ALL, THERE ARE CERTAIN COMPLICATIONS!

OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL DO IT! BUT IT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO TAKE SOMEBODY ELSE IN YOUR PLACE! NOW HURRY!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

TIME PASSES... DON'T MOVE NOW! I'M BEGINNING TO GET IT RIGHT! I KNOW IT'S GOING TO BE GOOD, TOO! IT'S ALMOST AS THOUGH MY BRUSH WERE ALIVE!

BUT YOU MUST HURRY! I'M OVERDUE AT A NUMBER OF PLACES NOW!

THIS IS INCREDIBLE LUCK, BUT I STILL DON'T WANT TO DIE. MAYBE IF I CAN SATISFY HIM, HELL GIVE ME JUST A NUMBER OF LITTLE MORE TIME! THERE—ALMOST DONE! NEVER WORKED SO FAST BEFORE!



I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE TIME, DEXTER! IF THE PICTURE ISN'T FINISHED NOW, IT NEVER WILL BE— AND THAT WOULD BE A PITY!

FRANKLY, I'M DYING—(CHUCKLE)— TO SEE IT!

HMM—SO THAT'S HOW I LOOK, IS IT? NOT BAD—NOT BAD AT ALL! IN FACT, IT'S VERY FLATTERING,

Y—YOU REALLY LIKE IT?

DEXTER! YOU ARE A GOOD PAINTER!



I DO INDEED, AND I THINK IT'S ONLY FAIR THAT YOU HAVE SOME REWARD! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, DEXTER— THAT'S IN MY POWER?

SO A FANTASTIC BARGAIN IS MADE...

C—COULD YOU LET ME LIVE A LITTLE LONGER?

VERY WELL! I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE! BUT WHEN I COME AGAIN YOU MUST GO!

SURE! AND MANY THANKS! I'LL BE SEEING YOU!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

TIME PASSES AND ONE DAY...

YES, LADY, THIS IS THE ALAN DEXTER PAINTING THAT ALL THE CRITICS ARE RAVING ABOUT! WE'RE GOING TO UNVEIL IT ANY MINUTE NOW. BETTER GET HOLD OF YOURSELF!

DEXTER IS THE GREATEST GENIUS WITH A BRUSH SINCE REMBRANDT!

THE PAINTING LEERS AT THE CROWD...

INCREDIBLE! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT WERE GOING TO SPEAK!

OH! IT'S HORRIBLE, HORRIBLE! YES, HORRIBLE, AND BEAUTIFUL, TOO! A GREAT MASTERPIECE!

I HEAR IT'S TERRIFIC!



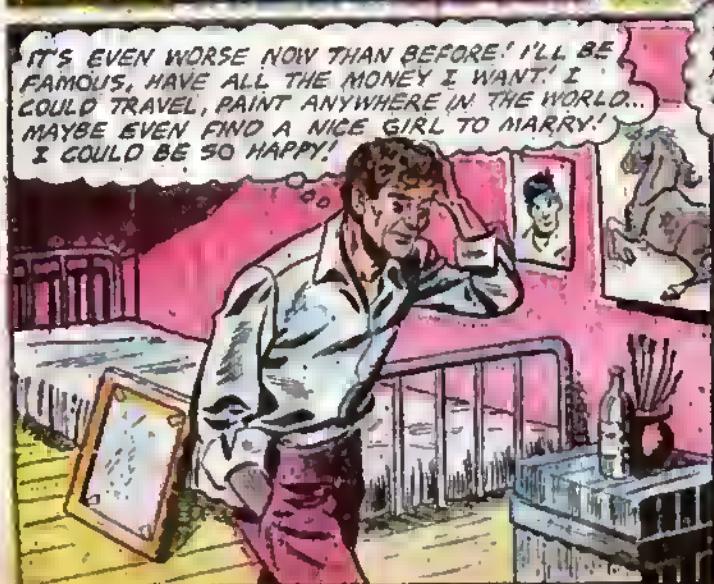
I'LL ADMIT, MY BOY, THAT I HAD MY DOUBTS ABOUT YOU BEFORE, BUT NOW I'M CONVINCED! THAT PICTURE WILL BE LOOKED AT AND ADMIRE LONG AFTER YOU'RE IN YOUR GRAVE!

HMM— I'M CLOSER TO MY GRAVE THAN ANY OF THEM GUESS! HE MAY COME BACK ANY MOMENT!



IT'S EVEN WORSE NOW THAN BEFORE! I'LL BE FAMOUS, HAVE ALL THE MONEY I WANT, I COULD TRAVEL, PAINT ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD... MAYBE EVEN FIND A NICE GIRL TO MARRY! I COULD BE SO HAPPY!

EVEN MY HEALTH IS MUCH BETTER SINCE HIS VISIT! HE'S KEEPING HIS PART OF THE BARGAIN — BUT I DON'T WANT TO KEEP MINE! I'M AFRAID!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MONTHS PASS AND THE GRIM REAPER SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN ALAN DEXTER! MEANTIME...

ALAN, DARLING, WHEN ARE WE GOING TO BE MARRIED? SOME TIMES YOU ARE SO STRANGE, SO SAD!

SOON, JANE! JUST AS I, ER, MAKE SOME PLANS!

IF ANYTHING EVER HAPPENED TO YOU, I THINK I WOULD DIE, TOO! AND IF YOU ARE EVER IN TROUBLE, YOU MUST TELL ME AND LET ME HELP!

DON'T WORRY, JANE! I'M WELL AGAIN AND THE MONEY IS ROLLING IN! AND I'M GIVING ANOTHER SHOW SOON— IN PARIS!

ALAN'S NEW SHOW IS A HUGE SUCCESS! HE NOW HAS FAME, MONEY, LOVE—AND A TERRIBLE FEAR...

MORE MONEY! IT KEEPS COMING—MORE AND MORE! BUT I DON'T NEED IT! WHAT I NEED IS SOME WAY OF DOODGING MY OLD FRIEND! HE WILL BE SURE TO COME BACK SOON NOW!



AN HOUR LATER...

I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER! I'LL GO AWAY AND HIDE SOMEWHERE! MAYBE HE WON'T BE ABLE TO FIND ME!



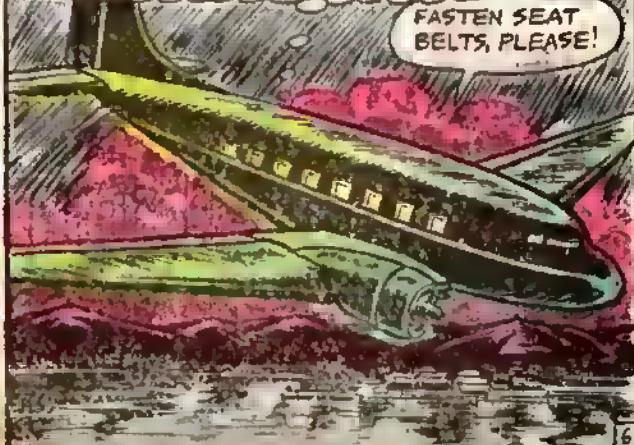
A SUDDEN SHADOW ON THE WALL...

WHAT! NOT YOU AGAIN— SO SOON!

OH—ONLY A STRANGE SHADOW! BUT W—WHY SHOULD IT APPEAR JUST NOW? I'M AFRAID, AND I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!

NEXT DAY... WE'RE COMING INTO NAPLES AT LAST! HAH! HE WILL NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME IN ITALY! AND AS SOON AS I'M SETTLED, I'LL SEND FOR JANE!

FASTEN SEAT BELTS, PLEASE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

HE GOES TO A LONELY VILLAGE FAR FROM NAPLES.

I WANT A ROOM, LANDLORD! AND I MUST HAVE ABSOLUTE PEACE AND QUIET, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE! AND YOU MUST TELL NOBODY THAT I AM HERE!

SI, SIGNOR! AS YOU WISH!

Albergia

ANO IN HIS ROOM...

NOW LET HIM FIND ME IF HE CAN! BUT WAIT A MINUTE - THAT T-THING ON THE WALL! IT L-LOOKS LIKE A PICTURE!



AHHHHH! YOU — M-MY OWN PAINTING! BUT HOW DID IT GET HERE? I TOLD NO ONE I WAS COMING! THIS IS SOME TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

YOU MADE THE MISTAKE!



WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU PLEASE! I COULD CHEAT ME! I'VE BEEN WITH YOU EVERY STEP OF THE WAY, YOU POOR FOOLS!

DIDN'T MEAN TO — JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE MORE TIME! A DAY — AN HOUR!



NOT A MINUTE! I GAVE YOU WHAT NO OTHER MAN HAS EVER HAD — AND YOU TRIED TO CHEAT ME! NOW!

AAAAAAHH! NO — I DON'T WANT TO DIE! GAAAAAAA!



I SUPPOSE IT WAS REALLY MY FAULT! I WAS TOO LENIENT WITH ALAN OEXTER — A MISTAKE I WILL NOT MAKE AGAIN! SO WHEN I COME FOR YOU — DO NOT TRY TO BARGAIN!



THE END

GLOVE of the GHOUL

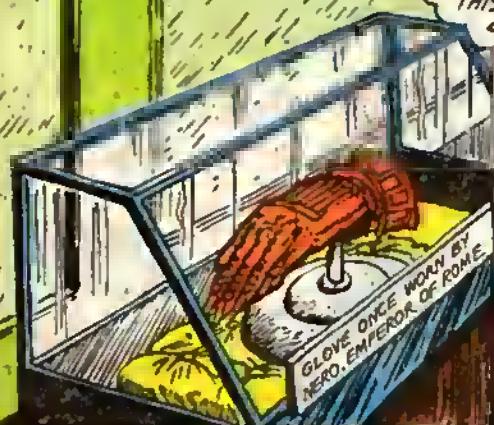
WHAT AWFUL POWER LAY IN THIS STRANGE GLOVE, THIS SCARLET RELIC OF THE DREAD PAST, ONCE WORN BY A FAT MANIAC WHO SLAUGHTERED MEN AND WOMEN LIKE SHEEP AND BURNED A CITY? DID THE GLOVE HAVE SOME TERRIBLE POWER OF ITS OWN? PROFESSOR FINCH, WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER, FOUND ALL THE SOUL-CHILLING ANSWERS WHEN HE TRIED ON THE RED GAUNTLET.



FOR YEARS THE GLOVE WENT ALMOST UNNOTICED IN THE OLD METROPOLE MUSEUM...

UNTIL ONE NIGHT PROFESSOR PHINEAS FINCH DECIDES TO "BORROW" IT...

EVER SINCE I BECAME CURATOR HERE I'VE HAD A THEORY ABOUT THIS GLOVE, AND NOW IS MY CHANCE TO TEST IT!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

AND SO HE TAKES THE MYSTERIOUS GLOVE HOME TO A VERY SPECIAL LAB WHERE MANY STRANGE EXPERIMENTS HAVE TAKEN PLACE...

I THOUGHT SO! PETRONIUS, IN HIS MEMOIRS, SAYS THAT NERO ONCE HAD A VERY SPECIAL PAIR OF GLOVES MADE FOR HIMSELF! VERY —(CHUCKLE)— SPECIAL!



ACCORDING TO PETRONIUS, NERO HAD ONE OF THE CHRISTIANS SKINNED ALIVE AND —(UGH)— HAD A PAIR OF GLOVES MADE OF THE SKIN! HMM —THE TEXTURE IS RIGHT! AND SO IS MY THEORY!

IT IS HUMAN SKIN! I'VE FOUND IT! ONE OF NERO'S GLOVES! I WONDER WHAT BECAME OF THE OTHER ONE?



THE EXCITED MAN SHOWS HIS GRISLY FIND TO HIS WIFE...

UGH — HOW HORRIBLE! I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT, PHINEAS!

BUT MY DEAR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! THIS GLOVE IS EVEN MORE PRICELESS NOW THAN EVER BEFORE! IT'S MADE FROM THE SKIN OF A CHRISTIAN THAT NERO HAD MURDERED!



BACK IN HIS LABORATORY THE PROFESSOR CANNOT RESIST A HORRIBLE TEMPTATION...



I'VE GOT TO TRY IT ON JUST ONCE!

IMAGINE — WEARING THE SAME GLOVE NERO ONCE WORE! MAYBE HE EVEN WORE IT WHEN HE BURNED ROME!

HMM — FITS LIKE A (CHUCKLE) GLOVE!

SUDDENLY...

YAAAAAA—MY HAND!
THE GLOVE—SQUEEZING
ME! OHHHH—LIKE A
V-VISE! AHHHH!

A HORRIBLE CHANGE COMES OVER THE
MILD LITTLE PROFESSOR! HE THINKS HE IS
NERO...



PHINEAS! WHAT'S
THE MATTER? WHY
ARE YOU LOOKING
AT ME LIKE THAT?

PHINEAS, STOP
IT! YOU
FRIGHTEN
ME!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! I,
NERO, AM SICK OF
YOU! IF MY GUARDS
WON'T DESTROY YOU,
I WILL!



WHEN THE DEED IS DONE... THERE
WAS NO SORROW NOR GRIEF, BUT
FIERCE GLORY...



HERE IT IS, WAITING FOR ME AFTER ALL
THESE YEARS! MY OLD HARP! NOW I CAN
PLAY AND SING AS I
ONCE DID! BUT NOT
HERE — NOT
HERE!...



SOMETHING IS WRONG ROME WILL NOT
LISTEN TO ME! FOOLS! BUT NERO
KNOWS WHAT TO DO!



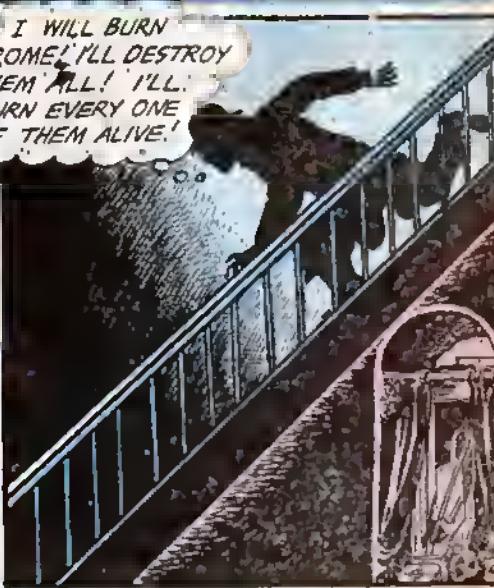
AH! BUT IT FEELS GOOD TO
DESTROY! I MUST FIND MY
HARP! I MUST PLAY MY
HARP TO CELEBRATE!



SOON...
LISTEN, CITY OF ROME! NERO
PLAYS FOR YOU! QUIET, YOU
FOOLS, LISTEN TO MY SWEET
MUSIC!



I WILL BURN
ROME! I'LL DESTROY
THEM ALL! I'LL
BURN EVERY ONE
OF THEM ALIVE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

MINUTES LATER, THE FAGGOTS TO BURN FOR THE DEVIL'S FEAST, ARE GATHERED...



THIS WILL DO NICELY! THERE'S A STRONG WIND TONIGHT AND THIS OLD WAREHOUSE WILL BURN LIKE TINDER! I'LL HAVE MY—(CHUCKLE)—FIRE AFTER ALL!



GOODBYE,
ROME! NERO
DESTROYS
YOU!



THERE! IT'S BURNING!
BUT I MUST GET BACK
TO MY ROOF AND
PLAY! PLAY A
DIRGE FOR THE
BURNING OF
ROME!



AS THE FLAMES LEAP, THE PROFESSOR'S MAD LAUGHTER RINGS OUT IN THE NIGHT...



HAH-HAH-HAH! SEE HOW IT BURNS! WHAT A GLORIOUS FEELING TO KNOW THAT THEY'LL ALL BURN LIKE RATS! HEE-HEE—HEEEEEE!

THE PROFESSOR IS MAD—BUT THE REST OF THE CITY IS NOT...



MULLINS HERE, SARGE! FIRE IN THE OLD DEXTER WAREHOUSE—LOOKS BIG!

RIGHT! THE TRUCKS WILL BE RIGHT THERE!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR

THAT CRACKPOT MUST BE IN HERE SOME PLACE! MAYBE IN THAT ROOM...

COME IN, FOOL, COME IN! NERO GREETS YOU - BEFORE HE KILLS YOU!



NERO? BROTHER, YOU ARE BALMY! BETTER COME ALONG QUIETLY NOW!

YOU DOUBT THAT I AM NERO, FOOL? AND THAT THIS IS MY PALACE? FOR THAT YOU DIE!



NERO'S GLOVE WILL STRANGLE YOU!

I GOTTA PROTECT MYSELF!

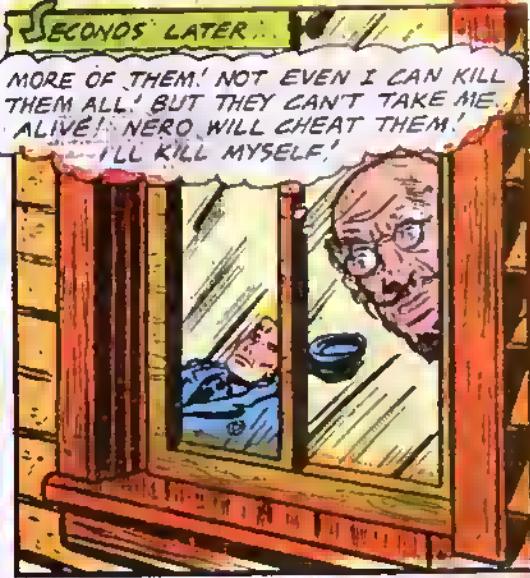


HEE-HEE! SEE HOW NERO'S HAND CATCHES YOUR BULLET!

HUH! P-PLUCKED IT OUT OF THE AIR!



JOURNEY INTO FEAR



IN ALL THY WAYS ACKNOWLEDGE HIM



THE SAVIOR

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